build me up from bone

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by peacefrog

Summary

The screen of Hannibal's phone illuminated his face, a glow near blinding in the darkness of the room. Will's number stared up at him in temptation. Dinner had been warming in the oven for over an hour, soon to be past the point of no return. His stomach rumbled as his thumb pressed the little blue icon and the phone began to ring.

It went straight to voicemail.

Chapter 1

The screen of Hannibal's phone illuminated his face, a glow near blinding in the darkness of the room. Will's number stared up at him in temptation. Dinner had been warming in the oven for over an hour, soon to be past the point of no return. His stomach rumbled as his thumb pressed the little blue icon and the phone began to ring.

It went straight to voicemail.

Hannibal tucked his phone into his pocket and went to the kitchen to prepare his meal for one. He sat at the head of the table and pushed strings of red cabbage around his plate. The glaze on the roast had dried to a thick crust, and Hannibal chipped away at it with his fork. He tossed it in the trash and poured too much wine into his glass before making his way back to the study.

It would be easy enough to find out where he lived, Hannibal knew. All he had was a name, first and last, but he had tracked down others with far less to go on in the past. Still, Will had not hinted at all where he called home, and Hannibal didn't want to risk scaring him off with the sudden intrusion. His fingers twitched atop his tablet as he reminded himself of the power of restraint and control.

He could not allow himself to be undone by a nineteen-year-old who wore dirty jeans and dark sunglasses to black-tie affairs.

He recalled their night and morning together, Will opening up beneath his tongue and stretched hot around his fingers, the way his hips had twitched desperately as he fucked into the warmth of Hannibal's eager mouth. Hannibal hadn't showered since, and the scent of Will still clung heavily to his skin. He would normally find the practice of going about his day unwashed repugnant, but he wanted to be filthy with the smell of him.

He understood why Hades would want to steal Persephone from spring. He wanted to draw the curtains on his life and drown in the sweetness of soft curls and supple skin. He undid his trousers and took himself into his hand, the memory of Will's gentle moans echoing in his mind.

He slid sticky and wet through his fingers, leaning back in his chair and sheathing his cock with his fist. The sounds of slick flesh being worked to release and his own ragged breathing filled the room. He could taste Will on his tongue as he spilled all over the front of his jacket. He cleaned himself with his pocket square and sipped his wine. It did nothing to stave the hunger clawing at the stitchings of his skin.

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Will sat on the couch, fidgeting with the peeling edge his phone's screen protector. He should have been at Hannibal's over an hour ago. He held the power button and slid his finger across the screen to shut it down.

Beverly flopped down beside him. "How was class?" she asked, shooting him a grin that told Will class wasn't at all what she cared about.

"It was fine."

"How was last—"

“It was fine,” Will snipped, tossing his phone onto the end table.

“Oh, come on. You went home with a guy and I didn’t even get to see him first. The least you can do is tell me how he was.”

“Tell me about the trombone player.”

“There’s not much to tell. We made out in the coatroom and he came in his pants before I even touched him,” she said. “Meanwhile, you couldn’t even text me until this morning to let me know you were safe.”

“Sorry,” Will said. “I was…”

“Busy?” Beverly’s face beamed with a smile. “Did you let him… you know…”

Will could still feel his body stretched around Hannibal’s deft fingers. “That is none of your business.”

“You so did.” Her smile fell when Will closed his eyes and leaned back with a sigh. “Hey, you alright?”

“Yeah, I’m just tired.”

“I bet.” Her smile grew again. It made her pretty eyes shine. “I’m serious, Will. If something’s wrong you can tell me.”

“He asked me to have dinner with him tonight.”

“So what are you still doing here?”

“I don’t know. Last night was… amazing. He’s amazing. I want to see him again.”

“Then what’s the problem?”

“He has everything. You should see his house. He drives a Bentley. I don’t understand what someone like him could possibly see in me.”

Beverly stared at him, incredulous. “Are you serious? Have you looked in a mirror lately?”

“I try to avoid them whenever possible.” Will frowned down at his hands. “You know what they say about things that seem too good to be true.”

“And I know about your superhuman intuition,” Beverly said, hand resting against his shoulder. “You knew my ex was a skeev just by looking him in the eye. What do you feel when you look in this guy’s eyes?”

Will could see them glowing honey-gold. “Calm,” he said. “I just feel calm.”

“Trust that feeling. At the very least, you get free food and amazing sex out of the deal.” She hopped to her feet, staring down at Will with a smirk. “I gotta hit the sack, but it’s good that you’re being social. For a minute there I thought you’d never pop your cherry.”

Will resisted the urge to roll his eyes as Beverly turned and walked away. She disappeared into her room down the hall and Will stared at his phone on the table, fear-tinged guilt and desire roiling in his

gut. He didn't reach to turn it back on.

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Hannibal's phone buzzed in his pocket. His heart dashed against the bars of his ribs like a songbird in a cage. He forced it to calm before looking at the screen.

The text stared up at him mockingly, a cancellation from an early-morning patient with a nasty habit of violating his 24-hour rule. He mulled over whether giving her a referral or eating her heart would be the better solution.

He sent her a quick reply and began preparing for bed. He washed the scent of Will from his skin and his hair. When he laid down his head, Will permeated the sheets and pillows as if he were lying right beside him. He knew he should strip and redress the mattress, the ruined bedding not fit to sleep on another night. Instead, he pressed his nose into the pillowcase and drifted off to dream.

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Will woke in the middle of the night. He had been dreaming of lips against his neck and his cock pulsed between his legs. He felt suddenly ridiculous for having gone to bed without shooting Hannibal so much as a text to explain himself. He reached for his phone and powered it on, then found Hannibal in his contacts with one hand, reaching beneath the covers to grip his erection with the other.

Hannibal answered almost immediately. "Will?" his voice was thick with sleep.

"Hey," Will huffed into the receiver. "I'm sorry I missed dinner."

"Are you alright?"

"I'm fine, just got scared."

"Scared of me?"

"No. It's hard to explain. I'm an idiot." Will couldn't help the gasp that escaped his lips as he stroked up and down his cock, smearing pre-come in his wake. "I think I was dreaming of you just now."

"Are you touching yourself, Will?"

"Yes."

"Tell me where you are. I'll come to you."

"No," Will said, kicking the blankets from his legs onto the floor. "It's too far. Just talk to me. You aren't mad, are you?"

"Not at all. I'm glad to hear you're alright. What do you want to talk about?" Hannibal's voice was a smooth rumble that went straight to Will's dick.

"I couldn't stop thinking about you all day." Will closed his eyes, imagined it was Hannibal's hand fisted around his leaking cock. "It's like I can still feel your fingers inside me."

"You should have come to me tonight." Fabric rustled on the other end of the line, then the sound of Hannibal's cheek rubbing against the phone. Will imagined he was shoving his pants down to touch

himself as well. “You could be in my bed right now. I still have so much I would like to teach you.”

“Like what?”

“Do you think you’re ready to be penetrated by something other than my fingers?”

Will let out a broken moan as he quickened the pace of his strokes. “Yes,” he said. “I want… I want your dick.”

“Do you think you could last longer than when I fingered you, Will? Do you think you could last long enough for me to truly savor being inside you?”

“Yes. I could try.” Will could practically feel the heat of Hannibal’s mouth on his cock as he fucked into his hand. “And if I can’t, you can just keep fucking me even after I come.”

“Oh, Will, such a good boy,” Hannibal growled into the phone. “Let me come to you. Let me have you tonight.”

“I have an early class,” Will panted out the words. “I’m sure you have patients.”

“I only had one scheduled, and she cancelled several hours ago.”

“I don’t live alone. My roommate…” Will planted his feet on the bed for leverage, bucking his hips as he stroked.

“I can bring you back here. We can stay in bed all day tomorrow.” Hannibal groaned, a guttural noise pulled deep from his throat, and Will felt his balls draw tight. “I'm going to make you feel such things you never imagined, Will. I'm going to fuck you for hours. The pleasure will be endless.”

“Hannibal, *fuck*, I want it. I want you inside me. I’m sorry I’m not there.” Will propped the phone up with his shoulder, reaching down to flutter a finger against his hole as his hand pulled him closer and closer to the edge. “I just think too much. I freaked myself out, told myself there’s no way someone like you could want someone like me.”

“I desire you more than I have ever desired anyone, Will,” Hannibal purred his assurances into Will’s ear. “It’s maddening.”

“Will you let me make you feel good, too?” Will asked, thrusting into his fist with wild abandon, bedsprings squealing beneath him. “Will you teach me how to do that?”

“What would you like to do? Would you like to take me into your mouth?”

“Yes. Fuck, *yes*.”

“I’ll teach you to take every inch, all the way to the back of your throat. I’ll teach you to swallow me down while I make a mess of that pretty face.”

At that promise Will spilled all over himself, hot spurts streaking up past his navel and down the back of his hand. Hannibal said something on the other end that may or may not have been in English. He may or may not have been crying out in time with Will’s own release. Will couldn’t make any of it out past the rush of blood in his ears.

After a few long moments the room stopped spinning and Hannibal spoke. “Tell me where you are.”

“I’m in Wolf Trap, Virginia. It’s too far for you to come tonight.”

There was silence on the other end. For a moment Will worried the call had dropped. “Tomorrow, then,” Hannibal said, finally.

“Tomorrow. I promise. I really am sorry about tonight.”

“And it really is alright,” Hannibal said. “Just promise me that next time if you can’t make it, you will call and let me know.”

“I will. Thank you for talking to me.”

“Thank you for calling.” Hannibal’s words were tinged with the smile Will knew was softening his face. “I look forward to seeing you tomorrow. Will you come after class, or should I make plans to come fetch you?”

“I have a car. I’ll be there.” Sleep tugged at Will’s eyes. He shivered, the mess he made drying tight against his skin. “Goodnight, Hannibal.”

“Goodnight, Will.”

Will dragged himself to the bathroom and washed himself in the sink. As he was drying his hands he caught a glimpse of his reflection in the mirror, and for once he didn’t turn away. He was flushed up to his ears, curls sweat-soaked and clinging to his brow. His chest was dappled red and warm beneath his touch. He smiled, imagining Hannibal’s lips pressed there, chasing the crimson blush with his tongue, making stars into constellations.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will was halfway across the parking lot when his phone buzzed in his pocket. He pulled it from his jacket when he reached his old rusted-out Camaro, sliding behind the steering wheel before looking at the screen.

Should I be expecting you for lunch? Will smiled as he read Hannibal's text.

Just got out of class, wanted to shower first, Will replied. It was just past 11am, and he didn't want to make anymore promises only to keep Hannibal waiting once again.

You can shower here. After lunch. I have quite a messy meal planned for you. Will's heart leapt in his chest at Hannibal's reply.

Without another thought, Will started the car and headed to Baltimore.

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Hannibal sliced figs and arranged them artfully alongside dark chocolate truffles and brightly colored berries on a tray. He carried it to the bedroom and placed it at the foot of the bed, now dressed in clean linens in shades of burgundy and gold. As the doorbell rang, he reached for the bottle of Armand de Brignac chilling on the nightstand, uncorking it before making his way back downstairs.

Will stood in the doorway, dressed in a fraying white t-shirt under an army green canvas jacket. His jeans were ripped at the knees, hanging loose and low on his hips. Hannibal forced his heart to steady at the sight, ushering Will inside.

He took Will's jacket and hung it in the closet, then hauled him in by the front of his shirt and pressed him in a hard line up against the wall. "Hello, Will," he said, ghosting over Will's lips. "How are you?"

Will's fingers dug into the muscles of Hannibal's back as they kissed with a languid drag of tongues and teeth. "Hi," he said, softly. "I'm sorry if I stink. Although, it's not entirely my fault if I do."

Hannibal dragged his nose along the curve of Will's neck, inhaling deep. "You smell wonderful," he said. "You smell like you."

Will shuddered beneath Hannibal's touch. "What's for lunch?" he asked as Hannibal sucked a kiss behind his ear. His cock had already begun to thicken, prodding at Hannibal's hip.

"Come, let me show you." Hannibal pulled away and made his way to the stairs.

Will trailed after him. "Lunch is upstairs?"

Hannibal didn't answer, ascending the stairs with calculating steps, only stopping once he reached the door to his bedroom. When he finally turned back, Will wasn't far behind.

"After you," Hannibal said, opening the door and ushering Will inside.

The curtains were drawn tight and the lights in the room glowed dim, amber-gold. Hannibal shut the door and set about lighting candles on the nightstand as Will kicked off his shoes and sat down on the bed. He filled flutes with champagne and handed one to Will.

“Seriously?” Will raised a brow as he took the glass. “Champagne for lunch?”

“Not just champagne. Lie back and relax.” Hannibal rolled up his sleeves and joined Will on the bed. The two of them leaned back against the pillows. Hannibal pulled the tray from the end of the bed to rest between them and took a slice of strawberry between his fingers. “Open.”

Will’s lips obediently parted, sucking the fruit and Hannibal’s fingers between them. A single drop of juice dribbled from his mouth as he bit into the berry. Hannibal leaned over and lapped it away with his tongue.

“Is this all we’re having?” Will asked, breathless, as Hannibal pressed a kiss to the corner of his mouth.

“You want to leave room for dessert, don’t you?”

“Dessert?”

“You asked me to teach you how to please me. How can I refuse such a polite request?” Hannibal took Will’s glass and set it on the nightstand alongside his own. He removed the tray and set it on the floor beside the bed, plucking up a single chocolate truffle before pressing close against Will’s side. “But first, if you will, please remove your shirt.”

Will pulled his shirt up over his head without hesitation and tossed it to the floor. His curls stuck out wildly and fell into his eyes. Hannibal smoothed a hand over them and sucked at Will’s bottom lip, licking into his mouth.

Hannibal broke the kiss and pressed the truffle to Will’s lips. “Bite, but I expect you to share,” he said, playfully, humming happily as Will bit into the chocolate, taking half of it into his mouth.

As Will moaned in delight, licking his lips, Hannibal took his half and swirled it around Will’s nipple, the heat of Will’s body melting the chocolate in an instant. He sucked the sweetened skin into his mouth and worked it between his lips, rolling his tongue and grazing it with his teeth as Will gasped, open mouthed and eyes wide with want.

“That feels so fucking good.” Will’s chest rose and fell hard, panting hot as Hannibal swirled the melting truffle around his other nipple and began to suck. “Fuck. Don’t stop.”

When Hannibal pulled back, Will’s nipples were cherry red in the candlelight, puffy and spit-soaked where he had licked and sucked them clean. Will’s jeans tented obscenely in the front, his jaw slack and cheeks dappled with a rosy pink flush.

“One day, Will,” Hannibal said, devouring the remainder of the melted chocolate in his hand, “I’m going to tie you to this bed and make you come from pleasuring your nipples alone.” Hannibal twirled one of Will’s ringlets around his finger. The strands flowed like silk. “But for now, tell me what you’d really like.”

“I don’t know.” Will’s eyes glowed in the flickering lights, something feral prowling just beneath the surface. He curled his fingers around Hannibal’s nape. “What do you want?”

“You prefer instruction when you’re unsure.”

“No. I’m usually happy to figure things out on my own. But this…”

“You find it arousing when I tell you what to do?”

“It makes me feel safe,” Will said, averting his gaze, near bashful. “And, yeah, that’s arousing.”

Hannibal hooked two fingers under Will’s chin, raising it until their eyes met again. “I want you to kneel in front of the bench at the end of the bed. Remove your pants, but leave your underwear on for now. Take a pillow and place it under your knees.”

Will got to his feet and stripped off his jeans. His thin boxer shorts barely contained his arousal, leaking pre-come darkening the fabric near the waistband. He grabbed a pillow and tossed it onto the floor at the foot of the bed. He stared at Hannibal, awaiting instruction.

Hannibal rounded the bed and stood just out of Will’s line of sight. He slowly peeled off his shirt and folded it neatly, draping it across the back of the chair beside him. He did the same with his pants and underwear, methodical in every move. Will didn’t turn his head to watch, but his back rose and fell hard in anticipation. Naked and fully erect, Hannibal took his seat on the bench.

Will’s hands were folded in his lap, eyes fixed on Hannibal’s face. Hannibal reached out to cup his cheek. “Such a patient boy,” he said. “I will guide you through this, Will, but I want to hear you say the words. I want you to tell me what you want.”

“I want you to fuck my mouth,” Will said, gripping Hannibal’s knees. “I want to taste you.”

“And what a beautiful, eager mouth it is.” Hannibal thumbed at Will’s bottom lip. “But we have to start slow. I imagine your gag reflex will be quite strong at first.”

“Okay.” Will’s trembling hands moved up Hannibal’s thighs. “I’m ready.”

“Come. Lean into me.” Hannibal wrapped his hand around himself, angling toward Will’s lips. “Open.”

Will wet his lips and let his jaw go slack, mouth open and inviting. Hannibal pulled his foreskin back and dragged his cock head across Will’s bottom lip. Will’s greedy tongue darted out to taste.

“Take the tip into your mouth,” Hannibal instructed, gripping Will’s nape. Pleasure bit him, bone-deep, as Will sealed those supple lips around him, sucking him into the velvet, wet heat of his mouth. “Yes, just like that. That’s wonderful.”

Will made a happy little noise in the back of his throat, suckling like an eager cub starved for a hint of milk on his tongue. Hannibal leaked freely between his lips, and Will pulled back and broke the suction, slurping at Hannibal’s slit before looking up at him with questioning eyes. “Good?”

“Perfect,” Hannibal stroked his burning cheek. “You’re perfect, Will. Try and take a little more now.”

Hannibal angled himself lower, pressing down on the back of Will’s head as he pushed in. He slid smooth and easy across Will’s tongue, stopping just before he breached his throat. He threaded his fingers in Will’s curls, tugging gently as he nearly slid from Will’s lips and back in again.

Hannibal groaned and pulled Will off until he slid from his mouth with a pop. “How does it feel?” Will asked, lips glistening with spit and pre-come.

“Your mouth is paradise,” Hannibal said, cock twitching at the sight of Will’s angelic face, his wet mouth, his lust-blown eyes. “Take me in your hand. Try it for yourself.”

Will’s fingers were delicate and strong, gripping high on Hannibal’s shaft as his hungry tongue licked a stripe across the head of Hannibal’s cock. He took Hannibal in his mouth, sliding down until his lips met the spot where his fingers curled tight. He closed his eyes as he worked up a steady rhythm, pressing his tongue flat against the underside of Hannibal’s shaft, stopping to suckle at the head of him every now and then.

“Look at me,” Hannibal growled, firmly gripping Will’s hair by the crown, pulling up until their eyes met. “I want to see you.”

Hannibal pushed back the fringe of curls falling into Will’s eyes. His lashes were damp, and even in the dim light he could see that Will’s irises had shrunk to nothing but a thin rim of blue being swallowed up by black. He sucked Hannibal back down with a fervent greed, slurping and swirling his tongue, moaning as Hannibal’s cock throbbed between his lips.

Hannibal felt his control teetering near the edge, as slippery as the part of him that slid slick into Will’s hot mouth. He grabbed it by the reigns as his balls pulled tight. “Stop,” he said, cupping Will’s face, sliding from his lips.

“Am I doing something wrong?” Will’s chest heaved as he spoke.

“No, not at all. You’re doing so very well. Too well. I won’t last much longer in your mouth, and when I come, I would like for it to be inside you.”

The scent of Will’s arousal was thick enough to taste. Hannibal pulled Will to his feet and down into his lap. Will’s warm thighs straddled Hannibal’s hips as his fabric-clad erection pressed down against Hannibal’s own. Their lips sealed in a sloppy, hungry kiss.

“Lie on the bed for me,” Hannibal panted against Will’s lips. “Shorts off, pillows under your hips, just like before.”

Will crawled from Hannibal’s lap onto the bed, ass high in the air, hips swaying as he moved. It took every ounce of Hannibal’s control to reign in the beast inside. It begged to pin Will to the mattress. It longed to devour him whole.

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Will stripped off his shorts and positioned himself, ignoring the ache between his legs as he spread his thighs and raised his hips up on the stack of pillows. Will’s eyes followed Hannibal as he rose from the bench and sat in a chair near the fireplace. From there, he had a perfect view of Will on the bed.

“There’s lubrication on the nightstand beside you,” Hannibal said. “Do you think you can open yourself up for me, Will?”

Will nodded. His stomach leapt as he reached for the bottle with one shaking hand. He popped the cap and drizzled some on his fingers, watching as a thin stream ran all the way down to his wrist.

“Slick your fingers and pour a little down between your legs. Don’t worry about the mess.” Hannibal sat in the chair with his thighs spread wide, one hand wrapped around his erection. He hummed his approval as Will did as he was instructed. “Beautiful.”

Will's fingers moved in slow circles around his hole. He teased his puckered rim until he felt it begin to relax. He pressed the tip of one finger inside before retreating, going back to massaging the entrance as his heart thudded against the cage of his ribs and his cock leaked a line of pre-come up to his navel.

Will pressed his finger in to the first knuckle. He pulled out and then pushed back in again to the second. He slicked himself with more lube and worked up a steady rhythm with his index finger, fucking himself with it until he opened up enough to breach himself with just the tips of two. He had his eyes squeezed shut, and when he opened them Hannibal was staring, slack-jawed and panting as he stroked himself slow and steady from root-to-tip.

The sight made Will press in hard, his body stretching to accommodate the silky glide of his digits. Will's eyes fell shut again as he worked his hole open more and more. He didn't realize Hannibal had made his way over to the bed until he felt the mattress dip, then felt his wrist being pulled away.

"Yes," Will moaned as Hannibal grabbed the lube and poured an ample amount over two of his own fingers. "Please. Get me ready for your cock, Hannibal."

"Such a filthy boy," Hannibal purred, eyes wet and shining as he breached Will's body with two thick digits.

There was something wild and barely contained in Hannibal's eyes. It terrified Will and thrilled him to the bone. Hannibal fucked him open with precision and skill, crooking his fingers and hitting that sweet spot that pulled a cry deep from Will's belly again and again. The sensations were overwhelming, electric, maddening, divine.

"Please, Hannibal," Will croaked, nails digging into the backs of his own thighs. "I'm ready for you."

Hannibal's fingers continued to fuck a moment longer, then slipped free from Will's hole. Will felt empty from the loss, stifling a whine. Hannibal crawled up Will's body and began to suck kisses into the hollow of his throat. His hardness sat heavy against Will's groin, gliding smooth and easy beside Will's own cock as he rolled his hips.

Hannibal sat back on his heels and slicked himself and Will up with more lubrication than was probably necessary. He sheathed Will's aching arousal with his hand and gave it one slippery stroke before taking himself in his hand and lining his cock head up with Will's hole.

"You have to relax for me now," Hannibal said, voice rough, accent so thick Will could barely make out the words. Will let out a single shuddering breath, and Hannibal soothed a hand down his thigh. "That's it."

Hannibal kept his eyes fixed on the spot where his cock pressed firm against Will's entrance. He teased Will's rim like a man possessed, until Will was arching off the bed and reaching out to dig his fingers into Hannibal's hips, his thighs, anywhere his hands could grasp.

"Patience," Hannibal purred, falling down to press their chests together, his cock sliding down to rest between Will's cheeks. "It would be a shame not to savor this moment."

Hannibal reached down between them and lined himself up again, mouthing at Will's neck as he pressed forward, torturously slow, allowing Will's body time to open to the intrusion. Will's heart hammered in his throat as the head of Hannibal's cock slipped past the tight ring of muscle before slipping free.

“Does it hurt?” Hannibal’s lips grazed Will’s ear. “It shouldn’t. You must tell me if it does.”

“It doesn’t hurt. It’s just really… You’re so big.”

“That’s why we prepared you beforehand. I’ll slide in quite easy now if we take it slow.”

Will felt as if he were being speared in two as Hannibal slipped back in, this time further than before. His cock head was sheathed entirely by Will’s hole, his hips stuttering in a weak thrust before pulling back.

Will felt his body open more each time Hannibal pushed inside, every thrust slightly deeper than the last. Hannibal was shuddering in the crook of Will’s neck, hot breath making Will’s cock leap against his belly where it lay pressed between them.

Hannibal blindly drizzled more lube between Will’s legs, allowing it to flow freely down his crack. His cock slipped in even deeper still. “How does it feel?” Hannibal’s words ghosted over Will’s lips.

“I’m so full,” Will choked out. “It’s so… It’s so much.”

“Too much?”

Will hissed as Hannibal sank deep enough to rub against his prostate. “Yes.”

“Shall I stop?”

“Please, no. Don’t stop. It’s too much, but it’s so good.”

Hannibal dropped his hips and entered Will completely, pelvis suddenly flush with Will’s open hole. Will dug his fingers into Hannibal’s back, a strangled cry flowing from his lips as Hannibal rocked into him so slow it was as if he barely moved at all.

“You’re so deep,” Will gasped. “I can feel you so fucking deep.”

Hannibal pulled himself free of Will’s grasp. He got back to his knees between Will’s legs and began to fuck in short, calculating thrusts that made Will sob and writhe. “I want you to tell me when you’re close,” he said, face glistening and flushed, fingers ghosting over Will’s cock. It was harder than Will could ever recall, the head swollen red and purple.

“I’m close,” Will assured him. “I’m already so close, fuck.”

“No.” Hannibal wrapped his fingers tight at the base of Will’s erection. “Not yet.”

“Please.” Will arched off the bed and pushed his hips forward to meet Hannibal’s shallow thrusts.

“I need you to be patient for just a few moments longer,” Hannibal said, grip holding firm. “Can you do that for me, Will?”

“Yes,” Will whined. “Fuck. I can try.”

Hannibal bared his teeth in a smile that twisted into a snarl, sharp canines peeking out from behind his upper lip. He released Will’s cock and rolled his hips, eyes locked firmly on Will’s face as he rocked into him. Hannibal gripped Will’s thighs and spread him even wider still, his slippery fingers trembling against Will’s skin.

“I wish you could see how beautiful you are in this moment, Will,” Hannibal grunted with a smooth snap of his hips. “One day, I would like to sketch you just like this. Open and obedient beneath me.”

Will’s skin sang with too much pleasure, each touch a fevered blaze searing deep into his flesh. Hannibal pulled him into his arms, cradling him by the nape as his hips rocked and Will’s cock rubbed between the tight press of their skin.

“I’m gonna come if you keep doing that,” Will huffed against Hannibal’s neck. “I can’t hold back, Hannibal, I can’t.”

“Yes you can,” Hannibal breathed against his ear. “You can for me. You want to please me, don’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Do you feel me moving inside you?”

“Yes.”

“I want us to come together. I want to fill you as you spill all over yourself.”

Will squeezed his eyelids shut and held his orgasm at bay. The friction of Hannibal’s skin as it moved against Will’s cock with each snap of his hips was enough to make tears prick at Will’s eyes.

“I’m having a dinner party this weekend,” Hannibal said, pulling back to look Will in the eyes, hands raking through his curls. “I want you to be there. I want everyone to see you.”

“You asking me to meet your parents already?” Will’s laugh shuddered in his chest.

Hannibal smiled down at him fondly. “They will not be joining us, I’m afraid,” he said, expression almost mournful for a flash of a moment. “But I would like to show you off to those who will be.”

“You barely even know me.”

“Dante only had to encounter Beatrice once as a child to be taken by her for the remainder of his life,” Hannibal’s words came out as hot puffs against Will’s face. “And are we not, in this moment, more connected than the two of them ever were? Am I not so very deep inside you?” Hannibal thrust in to the hilt, mouthing sloppy kisses across Will’s jaw.

“Okay... *ah*!” Will cried out when Hannibal’s mouth sealed around the jut of his clavicle, sucking the flesh between his teeth just hard enough to leave it an angry shade of red when he pulled back. “I’ll be there, but I have nothing to wear.”

“I’ll take care of everything,” Hannibal assured him. “Just focus on me now. I don’t want your eyes to leave mine, do you understand?”

Will took his bottom lip between his teeth and nodded as Hannibal sat back and took Will’s cock in his hand. He began to stroke in time with his thrusts, the purpling head of Will’s cock peeking out through his fist.

“*Fuck*, Hannibal, I’m gonna come,” Will’s body quaked, every muscle drawn tight enough to snap as Hannibal began to fuck into him at an unrelenting pace.

“Good,” Hannibal growled, “I won’t last much longer. I’m going to fill you to the brim with my release. Be a good boy and make a mess of yourself for me.”

The thud of his own pulse in his ears was near deafening as Will’s vision began to blur. His eyes never left Hannibal’s even as he felt his balls pull taut against his body and his release bubbled and roiled right up to the edge. Hannibal stroked as good and hard as he fucked, angling Will’s hips to hit just the right spot as the relief of orgasm began to wash over him in waves.

He had to slam his eyes shut then, crying out, wounded, impaled. Utterly cleaved in two by desire and pleasure and *love*. He shot hot spurts of come up to his chest and against his own chin. Hannibal never relented in his pace as he stroked and slammed into Will all the way through every shuddering moment.

Hannibal’s strokes faltered and his hips stuttered, his own orgasm pulled from deep inside, Will still half-hard in his hand. He howled and threw his head back, filling Will with slick warmth, his own pleasure seeming to teeter right on the precipice of pain.

Hannibal collapsed against Will’s chest, softening cock sliding from his body as they panted and heaved together. Neither of them were capable of forming words, limbs tangled in a mess of sweat and come and heat. Will stroked the soaked, silvering strands at Hannibal’s nape and pressed lazy kisses to the top of his head.

Finally, Hannibal began to move. He rolled down onto his back and pulled Will snug against his chest, breaths still coming in erratic puffs that tickled Will’s brow. Exhaustion threatened to pull Will under as Hannibal began to speak.

“Would you like that shower now?”

“Mmm,” Will hummed lazily, burying his nose in Hannibal’s chest. “Will you join me?”

“There’s nothing that would please me more.”

Neither of them made any attempt to move. They lied wrapped around each other, drifting into dreams, the rest of eternity brimming just beyond the curtains.

Chapter End Notes

I went back and forth on whether or not Will and Hannibal should use protection here, since it's their first time and they really don't know each other at all, but ultimately decided that they're both so lovesick already that they wouldn't want any barriers between them. Don't be like Hannibal and Will my friends, safe sex is important.

Anyways, thank you to everyone for all the kind words on this series so far! Should be wrapping this part up in two more chapters, but I may only end up needing one, we'll see how it goes.

Chapter 3

Orange and gold embers danced in Will's eyes, firelight illuminating his face. He sat next to Hannibal in the study, their bellies full, warmed by flickering flames.

Hannibal reached for Will's hand across the distance between them. "Tell me about your father," he said.

"There's not much to tell." Will allowed Hannibal to lace their fingers together. "He's dead."

"Were you fond of him?" Hannibal gazed into the fire, but Will remained the focus of his rapt attention, caught in the corner of his eye.

"Why are you so interested in my relationship with my father?" Hannibal turned to Will then, watched him shift and turn, nearly tearing his hand away.

"I'm interested in you. Certainly the man he was, the man that taught you to fish and work with your hands, had some influence on who you are today."

Will pulled his hand free and reached for his wine. He was silent for a long moment as he sipped. "We moved around a lot. He worked dirty jobs that never paid enough. He was never cruel but always distant. He taught me things, but I was forced to get better at them on my own."

"And your mother?" Hannibal knew instinctively that Will had inherited her beauty, whoever she may be. Whoever she might have been.

"I never knew her," Will said, licking his wine-stained lips. "I asked my dad about her once. He looked at me like I had done something terrible for days after. I never asked about her again."

"Do you feel abandoned by them?"

Will sipped more wine. His curls glowed molten across his mournful face. His crowned prince of fire and flame. "Hard to feel abandoned by someone you never knew. And my father's distance was a gift," Will finally said. "When he died it was… almost easy. Easier than it should have been. I had already been caring for myself for years."

"Certainly you loved him, craved his affection and attention."

Will sat his glass down a bit too hard on the end table. "You said you wouldn't do this."

"I'm sorry, Will, hard to turn it off." Hannibal reached for Will's hand again, beckoning. "Come here."

Will rose into the golden glow, stood looking down at Hannibal where he sat. "I don't wanna talk about this."

Hannibal pulled Will down into his lap, back-to-chest, nosing at a spot behind his ear. "I only wish to know you," he said, breathing hot against Will's neck. "You haven't been cared for the way you deserve."

Will dipped his head back and melted into Hannibal's embrace. "I don't know what I deserve," he said, eyes falling shut, "but this is nice. These past few days with you..."

Hannibal's fingers danced up the front of Will's shirt, the barest of touches determined to ignite. "Will you let me care for you?"

"Isn't that what you're doing right now?"

Hannibal hummed, hands dipping down to skin across the waistband of Will's jeans. "In other ways," he mumbled against Will's ear. "My dinner party on Friday. Will you allow me to dress you for it?"

"I, *ah*…" Will drew unsteady breaths through his nose as Hannibal palmed him through the front of his jeans. His cock thickened with each gentle press. "I thought you didn't give a fuck what I wear."

"Such uncouth language," Hannibal tisked, popping open Wills fly. "I hope you don't plan on speaking that way at my table, in front of my many distinguished guests."

Hannibal shoved his hand down between Will's legs. He curled his fingers around Will's length, stroking gracelessly inside his underwear. Will dug the fingers of one hand into the arm of the chair, the other reaching back to grasp at Hannibal's hair.

"Maybe I'll show up wearing nothing at all." Will's words came out a breathless whimper. "You said you wanted to show me off. What better way than for them to see all of me?"

"You're a very naughty boy, Will," Hannibal tugged roughly at Will's jeans, getting them down far enough for his cock to spring free. "Perhaps I should rescind your invitation."

"Maybe you should."

Hannibal hooked one arm around Will's chest and held him crushingly close. The other fisted his cock at a fevered pace, inelegant and wild. "Perhaps I should just tell you, then," he said, fingers gliding slick up and down Will's shaft, "that tomorrow morning my tailor will arrive at your door." He dragged his teeth down the line of Will's neck. "He will take your measurements, and by Friday morning you will have in your possession a suit made to my exact specifications." Hannibal sucked tender flesh between his teeth, lapping at it with his tongue. "On Friday evening, when you come to my home, you will be dressed exactly as I desire."

Hannibal's mouth clamped down lower on Will's skin, at the juncture where shoulder met neck, sucking hard enough to bruise. He stroked even faster still, playing Will with precision and skill. Hannibal's fingers worked as effortlessly as they would sculpting the air around his theremin, entirely attuned to every hitch in Will's breath, every desperate little twitch of his hips. Hannibal pulled him to the edge like a master composing his finest symphony.

Will's cock pulsed inside his fist, shooting sticky and wet and warm, dripping down Hannibal's hand. Hannibal stroked Will until he writhed and whimpered, going soft and overstimulated beneath his touch. He licked at the bruises forming on his shoulder and neck. He pressed his smile against the heat of the marks he left behind.

Hannibal brought the hand covered in Will's release up to his lips. He licked it from his fingers as Will slumped against his chest. Will's taste spread like silken desire across Hannibal's tongue. His erection ached uncomfortably inside his slacks. He was happy to ignore it as he helped Will tuck himself back inside his pants.

Hannibal held Will close until his breathing evened. He turned in Hannibal's lap and buried his face in the crook of his neck. "No bow ties," he said, "and no… ruffles. No top hats. No pink."

Hannibal smiled, huffing out a laugh. “Is that your list of demands?”

“Yes.” Will’s breath against Hannibal’s skin was warmer than the crackling fire.

“Alright,” Hannibal said, soothing a hand down Will’s back. “I’ll be sure to keep that in mind.”

—

Will’s father bought their farmhouse in Wolf Trap just three years before he passed. Surrounded by acres of flat fields overgrown by wildflowers and weeds, a stone’s throw from the stream Will came to know as well as the echoing chambers of his own mind, it had been the first place they really had to call their own. The first place Will ever felt settled enough to tack nails into the wall and hang faded thrift store watercolors and the ridiculous singing fish dad got him for Christmas several years before.

He stayed there after his father’s death and after college began. Living in his little house in the middle of all that emptiness spared him the nightmare of dormitory life. Beverly moving in spared him the relief of being perpetually alone. He preferred solitude, but sometimes he needed to be saved from himself.

“This is all your fault,” Will said, words like little wisps in the chilly morning air. He sat on the porch with Beverly, sipping coffee in his pajamas.

She smiled into her mug. “That you’re getting laid? Or that your sugar daddy is making you into his personal Ken doll?”

“I only met him because you snuck me into that thing.”

“So? I didn’t force you into his bed, and I certainly didn’t force you to go back. Or to agree to go to his fancy dinner party.” Beverly’s grin stretched across her face, eyes mischievous and wide. “Can you sneak me in?”

“Not happening, Bev.”

“Keeping the mysterious doctor all to yourself, huh? Typical. Nice love bites by the way.”

Will flushed down to his neck, covering the marks with his hand. “I need a scarf.”

“Bet the good doctor doesn’t think so. He marked you so you’d show them off. He wants the world to know.”

“That’s why he said he wanted me at this party.” Will could still feel Hannibal’s teeth dragging down his neck. “Wanted to show me off to all his friends.”

“You look freaked out by that. I mean, you always look a little freaked out, but...”

“I’m freaked out by the fact that it… doesn’t freak me out.” Will set his mug down on the porch and scrubbed a hand across his face. “I’ve known him for three days. I shouldn’t be okay with this.”

“But you are. Honestly, I was surprised to see you come home last night.”

“Hannibal had early patients, and I needed to be here to meet the tailor.” Will couldn’t help the laugh that escaped him. “What sort of tailor makes house calls anyway?”

Will turned his head just in time to see the sleek, black Cadillac coming up the drive. He jumped to his feet, heart hammering in his chest, and nearly tore the dore from its hinges in an effort to get inside and find his glasses. He pressed them securely to the bridge of his nose and waited by the window. Beverly flopped down on the couch beaming with a smile.

“You’re not actually going to sit there and watch.”

“Bet your ass I am.”

The man that stood at the door was wiry and severe, his sunken features emphasized by a swath of slick black hair atop his head. The angel of death, Will thought for a moment, come to steal the last vestiges of my soul. He turned to Beverly before before letting the man inside.

“Stop being dramatic.” Sometimes he wondered if she could actually read his mind. “If you don’t let him in, daddy might punish you.”

Will felt his face glowing hot. “Don’t,” he said, turning the doorknob.

“Mr. Graham,” the tailor said as Will ushered him inside. He had a thick accent Will couldn’t quite place. Romanian perhaps. “Dr. Lecter has sent me to measure you for your suit.”

“Yes, of course.” Will fidgeted with the drawstring on his pajama bottoms, uncertain what to do with his hands.

The angel of death — who seemed content with not introducing himself by name — pulled a small wooden platform from his oversized bag and hung a measuring tape around his neck. “Please,” he said, gesturing for Will to come forward.

He stepped onto the platform and glared at Beverly who was practically bursting with joy on the couch. The man wasted no time getting to work. He wrapped the measuring tape around Will’s neck and then down around his chest, waist, and hips. He measured around Will’s biceps and thighs, down both arms and legs, across the expanse of his shoulders, down his chest and back. He even measured his ankles and wrists.

Will felt like a prized poodle at Westminster, shifting uncomfortably as the tailor wrapped and measured and hummed. He half expected the man to draw his lips back and inspect his teeth.

“Alright, Mr. Graham, I think that will be all for today,” the tailor said, tucking his measuring tape back into his bag.

Will stepped down and shot Beverly a scolding look. She hadn’t stopped snickering the entire time. He was uncertain if he should shake the man’s hand, but before Will could fret too much he was already headed toward the door.

“My assistant Will drop the suit by first thing Friday. Good day, Mr. Graham.” Like a bandit dashing into the night he turned on his heels and headed for his car. Will half expected him to disappear into a great plume of smoke.

“That was bizarre,” Beverly said to Will as he joined her on the couch.

“I have no idea why I’m doing this.” Will sighed, throwing his arm across his eyes.

“I think, Mr. Graham,” Beverly said, tone mocking and light, “it’s because you are madly, hopelessly, stupidly in love.”

—

The clock read just past noon when Hannibal's phone began to buzz atop his desk. He smiled fondly down at Will's name on the screen for a moment before pressing it to his ear. "Hello, Will," he said, leaning back in his chair.

"Hope I'm not interrupting you at work." Will's voice was a welcome relief to the monotony of his day. A honey-sweet balm to the banal routine he had to suffer through much of that morning.

"Not at all, I have a few hours still before my next patient. I take it my tailor has been by to see you?"

"He has."

"And how did you find it?"

"Uncomfortable."

Hannibal laughed silently to himself. "I am sorry for being the cause of your discomfort, but I assure you it will be well worth your sacrifice."

"Can I see you today?"

"As much as it pains me to say, I'm afraid I'm going to be quite busy between now and Friday." Hannibal hated the thought of denying himself Will's presence for two whole days, but it was not to be helped now. "I look forward to seeing you then. A car will be there to fetch you at 5pm sharp."

Will sighed discontentedly on the other end. "Okay, well, be careful wherever you go. I saw on the news just now that the Chesapeake Ripper is at it again."

Hannibal's face eased in the softest of smiles. He watched as shadows moved and coiled across the ceiling and the walls. He let Will go with promises of remaining vigilant and observant in the days to come. His heart swelled, brimming with hunger and joy.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Just south of Annapolis, a house sat vacant and dark, empty as the space carved out between the man's shriveling lungs. Hannibal draped his lifeless body from the tire swing in the front yard and placed a single withered rose in the barren cavity of his chest.

Hannibal had met the man only once in life. Mrs. Komeda knew him all too well. "*Look at him, parading around with that girl on his arm. She's young enough to be his daughter!*" She frowned and whispered in Hannibal's ear. "*He left his family just last week. He ought to be ashamed.*"

Back in Baltimore, Hannibal stored the deadbeat heart separate from the rest. He closed his eyes and thought of Will's face, the supple bow of his lips wrapped around the tines of a fork. If only he could know and see the gift he would be given.

—

Will and Beverly stepped out onto the porch for their morning routine of coffee and snark. Draped across Will's chair was a black garment bag, its shadow stretched behind like an oil slick in the sun. A white box tied with a gold satin ribbon sat on top, an envelope tucked between the fabric.

"Damn, this guy doesn't mess around," Beverly said, taking her seat as Will plucked the letter from the box.

He stepped into the house to retrieve his pocket knife, taking just a moment to close his eyes and inhale deep. He stood leaned against the screen door, Beverly's eyes locked on him in anticipation, as he cut into the wax seal of the envelope pulled the letter out. Hannibal's script was graceful and refined, the few short lines on the page flowing like a song etched out before his eyes.

Dear Will,

It is my sincere wish that everything I have chosen is to your liking. I eagerly await seeing you this evening in all of it, and I do mean all of it, my darling boy.

Sincerely,
Hannibal Lecter

Will folded the page and stuffed it back in its envelope, then gathered everything up and carried it inside the house without a word. He set the box on an end table and draped the garment bag over the arm of the couch. He went back out onto the porch and sipped at his lukewarm coffee as sparrows sang him awake.

Beverly eyed him over her mug. "Not even gonna take a peek?"

"No," Will grumbled, clutching his mug. He clung to it tight until his hands stopped shaking. "Not yet."

"You really are nervous." She turned in her chair, the old wood creaking as she moved. "This have anything to do with why you never dressed up for any of the events I snuck you into?"

“Being stared at by a room full of people... Makes me feel like something that belongs in a cage.”

“Hate to break it to you Will, but dressing in jeans and a t-shirt while everyone else is in black-tie only draws more attention your way. Everyone was just always too scared to speak to you, until Mr. Mystery Doctor came along.”

Will stared down at the last dregs of coffee in his mug, a few stray grounds sticking to the sides. He swirled them around and downed it with a gulp. “I could always just not show up.”

“You could. He’d probably never speak to you again.”

“Maybe that would be for the best.”

“Maybe. But it’s not what you want.” Beverly cocked her head and studied Will’s face so long he wanted to crawl under the porch. “You get this look when you talk about him. Or think about him. Which must be all the time lately since you always have that look.” She smiled. Will’s cheeks bloomed a mottled pink. “You have it now.”

Will gathered their empty mugs from the porch and went into the house, Beverly following close behind. He sat on the couch toying with the zipper of the garment bag without daring to look inside.

“At least open the box,” Beverly insisted. “Maybe it’s something with diamonds.”

Will’s heart raced and sank all at once. He knew what was in the bag, or at least had an idea of what exactly it would be, but he hadn’t allowed himself much thought for what could be contained inside all that white and gold. He reached out and tugged at the ribbon, then plucked it up and sat it in his lap.

Beverly knocked her shoulder against his as he stared down at the half unfurled ribbon. “Want me to do it?” she asked.

Will gave the ribbon one long tug and let it fall down around his knees. He lifted off the lid and hesitated just a moment before peeling back the layers of golden tissue paper.

“Oh… Oh my god.” Beverly gasped and stifled a laugh as it dawned on Will just what he was seeing.

Staring up at him from the layers of gold, smooth and shining and obscene, was a bright pink glass plug with a flower-shaped base. A small and elegant glass bottle of lubrication was nestled beside it. Will’s face was set alight, his heart threatening to tear from his chest and dash itself bloodless at his feet.

“Damn,” Beverly exclaimed, clapping Will on the shoulder, “caught yourself a kinky one.”

Will closed the box with trembling fingers. He tried to stand but his legs were boneless and weak. He buried his head in his hands and stared at the searing blackness at the back of his eyelids until his breathing calmed. He simmered with embarrassment and rage and an undercurrent of desire so great it threatened to swallow whole.

“Will?” Beverly’s voice in his ear and her hand on his back startled Will out of his daze. “I promise I won’t make any dumb jokes if this is really a problem for you.”

Will straightened his shoulders and let his eyelids creak open. “No. It’s fine,” he said, careful to avoid her gaze. “But please, spare me the jokes regardless.”

They didn't speak again until Beverly announced she had to get ready for class. "Text me if you need me tonight," she said, giving Will's knee a squeeze before disappearing down the hall.

Will spent the rest of the morning wandering in and out of his room, slowly unzipping the garment bag a little more each time. It was spread out on his bed, and out of the corner of his eye it nearly took on the shape of his own self lying there, silent and still, cloaked in void and shadow.

He had the box tucked beneath his pillow, the shape of it causing the pillow to bend at an odd angle. Not quite out of sight, not quite out of mind. His body glowed hot whenever he thought of what was contained inside.

I eagerly await seeing you this evening in all of it.

Will managed to drag himself into the kitchen to make a sandwich. He ate it while still standing at the counter, crumbs gathering down around his feet. He didn't bother sweeping them when he was through. It was just past one in the afternoon when he padded into the bathroom and stared at his reflection in the mirror. The marks on his neck had faded and yellowed, speckled across his skin like petals scattered in a row. He pressed his fingers to them, and the ache was a whisper of what it had been the night Hannibal left them there.

And I do mean all of it.

He stood in the shower and let the spray, nearly hot enough to scald, run down his nape and cascade between his shoulders. He did not think of the thing that lay tucked beneath his pillow, ignoring his erection when it began to rise between his legs.

My darling boy.

Alone in the house, he walked back to his room dripping and nude. He perched on the edge of the bed, careful to not disturb the still-hidden suit and the rest of his outfit that was lying in wait just out of sight. He drew in deep breaths through his nose and pushed them out gently through his lips. He turned his body toward the garment bag and flipped up the loose edge just enough for a hint of its contents to peek out from inside.

Steel-grey wool stared back at him. He pressed the pads of his fingers to it and recoiled as if he had been burned. He hesitated a moment longer before exposing the suit entirely, stunned at the relative simplicity of what he found. The three-piece suit was polished and elegant, yet subtle enough that Will knew he wouldn't feel too on display in front of a room full of strangers. The shirt was an airy shade of lavender accented with a deep purple tie.

Will was so relieved by finding the suit to be something he might actually feel like himself in that he forgot all about the plug tucked underneath his pillow for a moment. Remembering, his heart began to flutter and dance, hammering a symphony against his ribs as he reached for the box.

Pink. Of course it would be pink. Will was certain the plug matched the color of his skin as he took it into his hand. It was delicate and slim, small enough to fit inside his palm, the flared tip only as wide across as two of his own fingers. The smooth glass was cool to the touch and he warmed it inside his fist.

Droplets fell from Will's hair and rolled down the expanse of his back. He shivered and considered grabbing his robe, but was too transfixed by the plug peeking out from within his grasp. He moved the suit over on the bed just enough that he wouldn't disturb it, then positioned himself next to it, head lolling back to knock against the headboard.

He held the plug in one hand and the bottle of lubrication in the other. Hannibal's letter peeked out from its envelope on the nightstand beside him. *My darling boy*. He could feel the words purred against his ear and his cock began to stir and and rise. The thought of wearing what he held in his hand, nestled inside his body, unknown to all but Hannibal and himself, made his whole body quake and flush.

He dropped the plug down on the bed beside him, twisting the cap on the lubrication and pouring a small amount across the pads of his fingers. He rubbed his fingertips together in a silky glide, warming them just so before teasing them across both nipples, raising them to sensitive nubs. He could almost feel Hannibal's hot mouth and skilled tongue in their place, sparking arousal down between his legs until his cock throbbed and lay flush against his belly.

He wrapped his hand around it and stroked once, twice, three times… just enough to take the edge off. His body was a flame roaring in the chilled air of the room as he spread his thighs and hiked his knees up toward his middle. He poured more lubrication on his fingers and reached down to circle and slick his hole.

He teetered on the edge of far too much eagerness, suddenly unwilling to wait to feel Hannibal's gift pressed deep inside. He spread his legs wider still and pushed the tips of two fingers inside the puckered ring of muscle at his entrance. He was impossibly tight as he blindly drizzled lube down between his cheeks, fucking himself open with one finger just enough to slide the second in beside it until his body began to open to the intrusion.

His slick digits began to glide in smooth and easy. He couldn't resist speeding up his pace and crooking his fingers, sparking lightning in his veins with each rough thrust and drag against his prostate. He thought of the plug keeping him ready and open, of how its only purpose was to prepare him to take the thickness of Hannibal's cock in one sharp thrust whenever and wherever Hannibal desired to have him. Perhaps he would spread Will out amongst the feast and fuck him in front of his guests in lieu of the main course, one strong, possessive hand wrapped around Will's delicate neck.

Will fisted his cock as he fucked himself hard and deep, burying his fingers to the hilt. He came with a shameless, strangled shout, Hannibal's name dripping from his tongue as he splashed hot and sticky all the way up to his chest. He reached for the plug with one shaking hand as his cock still twitched, half-hard and leaking. He spilled lubrication over the tip and pressed it down against his open hole. Will barely had to push at all for it to slide right in, holding Will's body full and open in the space where Hannibal belonged. In the space where Hannibal would be in just a few short hours.

Chapter End Notes

> So I may have lied when I said this would only be 4 chapters. It was turning into a beast and I wanted to get something out before I leave for my 5-day weekend on Wednesday. The dinner party will be happening in chapter 5 (which... will probably be the end of this part, but who even knows anymore).

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Artwork for this chapter by the amazing granpappy-winchester.

Check out their commission info here.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will stared back at himself from the bathroom mirror, a reflection of lean muscle and jutting bone. His skin was bare, save for a pair of boxer-briefs, the tile floor cool against the soles of his feet. He shifted from side-to-side, feeling the plug inside move with him, trying to adjust to the fullness he knew would be accompanying him through the evening.

The suit hung on the back of the door, a grey and lavender whisper beckoning him near. He thumbed lightly at the fabric of the pants before pulling them from their hanger and tugging them on. They were an exceptionally perfect fit, wool hugging the meat of Will's ass and thighs, his soft cock bulging slightly in the front, a detail he was certain would not be lost on Hannibal.

The rest of the suit slipped on like a second skin, a gentle caress from Hannibal himself woven into the fabric. Maybe tailors had their uses after all. The man staring back at him in the mirror was the same that had been standing there moments before, only this time so much more. His hair fell down against his brow and he considered slicking it back, but thought better of it knowing Hannibal would prefer it wild and untamed.

Will kicked back the urge to get Hannibal on the phone. He rather liked the idea of only seeing or speaking to him once he walked through the door that evening, dressed in the suit he had undoubtedly spent more on than Will made in months worth of weekends working at the boatyard. He liked even more the idea of being filled to the brim with the thing he knew was only serving as a placeholder for Hannibal himself.

His cock stirred at the thought of Hannibal's eyes roving over him, drinking in the lines of his form through the perfectly tailored fabric. He could practically feel Hannibal drag his nose across the line of his neck and breathe him in.

He swallowed down his desire with a shuddering breath and checked the clock. It was just after 4:30. His heart leapt knowing the car Hannibal arranged would be arriving soon. He sat on the couch, fidgeting with his shirt cuffs, eyes darting from the floor to the wide gap between the curtains. When 5 o'clock came and went without so much as a glimpse of a car coming down the road, Will began to pace.

At 5:08, his hand twitched against the phone in his pocket. He went so far as to pull Hannibal up on the screen, but he didn't allow himself to make the call. At 5:15, he stepped out on the porch and peered up the drive, fingers rapping impatiently against the railing. At three minutes to 5:30, Will grabbed his keys and slid behind the wheel of his own car. He set off for Baltimore, breaking the speed limit the entire way.

Will arrived just over an hour later, the street outside of Hannibal's home lined with luxury cars. Will choked down panic at the thought of arriving even a moment later than Hannibal had expected. He parked two houses away and rushed to the door, straightening his tie and damping down the rising stampede of his heart.

The door swung open before Will even had time to press his finger to the bell.

Hannibal stood before him like a mirage, too handsome for Will to believe. He practically glowed from within. He wore a burgundy velvet jacket, his white shirt unbuttoned at the throat, a paisley scarf just peeking out from inside the collar.

"Good evening, Will," he said, his hand warm against Will's shoulder as he lead him into the foyer. "Was there a problem with the car I sent?"

"You could say that." Will laughed, nerves sizzling like flames. "It didn't show. I had to drive myself."

Hannibal crowded Will back against the door, his honeyed gaze a slow drip cascading over Will's face. "How terrible," he said, carding his fingers through the curls at Will's crown. "I'll have to have a very stern word with the driver. How dare he deny me your company for even a moment more."

Will shivered as Hannibal thumbed at his bottom lip. "Sorry if I'm late."

Hannibal didn't seem bothered at all. In fact, he seemed downright pleased. Will was too focused on the hard press of Hannibal's body against his own, sending sparks down to his toes, to consider the

implications.

“The guest of honor can never be late,” Hannibal purred, fingers trailing down Will’s lapels. “The party starts precisely when he makes his entrance.”

Will’s skin flared with heat. “Guest of honor?”

Hannibal hummed and nodded, nosing at Will’s jaw. “Who else but you?” He inhaled deep before breaking the contact, taking several steps back to drink Will in. “How do you like what I’ve chosen for you?”

Will pushed away from the door and steadied himself on his feet. “I like it.” Will smoothed his hands down the arms of his jacket. “I feel like myself. Thank you.”

“I wasn’t speaking of only the suit, although I must say I appreciate it enormously.” Hannibal’s eyes lingered down below Will’s belt. His eyes flashed with a wicked smile. “Was everything to your liking?”

Will’s cock began to thicken and swell as he stepped into Hannibal’s space. “Yes,” he said softly, meeting Hannibal’s gaze. “Everything.”

Hannibal’s arm snaked around Will’s waist, drawing him in. Their middles pressed flush together. One strong hand trailed down Will’s backside. Will shuddered when Hannibal’s fingers pressed firmly in between his cheeks, prodding to feel the base of the plug resting there.

Hannibal hummed contentedly. “You are remarkable,” his whisper melted into Will’s ear like a melody, curling down around his spine. Hannibal pressed against the plug once more, causing it to dip, the slightest bit of contact with Will’s prostate flaring sparks behind his eyes.

Will bit back a moan and tucked his head beneath Hannibal’s chin. “Fuck, Hannibal,” his breath stuttered in his lungs, fingers digging into the plush velvet at Hannibal’s shoulders.

“Tell me, Will, did you touch yourself during?”

“Before. I… I touched myself before I put it in,” Will mumbled into the crook of Hannibal’s neck. “I didn’t know how I felt about it at first, but then…”

Will pressed down against Hannibal’s thigh and began to writhe, peppering kisses across his chin and down the line of his throat. Hannibal gripped Will’s shoulders and pulled their bodies firmly apart. Will whined and lunged forward again, but Hannibal’s strong grip kept him at bay.

“There will be plenty of time for that later, I assure you.” The barest hint of a smirk painted Hannibal’s face. “We wouldn’t want to keep our guests waiting.”

Will drew in several steadying breaths and tried to calm the stirring between his legs. He took Hannibal’s offered arm and allowed himself to be led, the swell of chamber music and a cacophony of voices growing louder as they neared the parlor.

A scant few heads turned when they entered the room, but their entrance mostly went unnoticed. A dozen separate conversations swirled in the air like a rumbling song, landing as a quiver in the center of Will’s chest and setting him alight with nervous energy.

Will’s fingers dug into the flesh of Hannibal’s arm. “Guest of honor, huh?”

Hannibal's body shuddered in a silent laugh. "Would you like me to announce your arrival? All eyes would certainly be on you then."

"That's not… No." Will stared down at his feet and huffed out an anxious laugh. "Please don't do that."

Hannibal smiled fondly and rubbed at the back of Will's hand.

Two servers, dressed elegantly in black and white, jetted past them with trays of beautiful hors d'oeuvres. Will craned his neck to get a better look as the food was danced around the room. "Are those edible roses?"

"They are. Would you care to try one?" Hannibal beckoned the server back with a subtle twitch of his hand, plucking a rose from the tray and holding it to Will's mouth. "I must warn you, this particular bloom is entirely non-vegetarian."

Will grinned and took the offered bite into his mouth. Hannibal thumbed at Will's chin, licking his own lips delicately as Will swallowed. At that, Will could feel half the eyes in the room boring holes into them. Hannibal brimmed with delight.

Several onlookers ducked their heads or peered down into their drinks as Will's eyes scanned the room. "This is not what I was expecting."

"What were you expecting?"

"Something more formal. I thought we would be sitting at your table."

"Not all meals should be consumed sitting down. I have many parties at my table. Smaller, more intimate affairs. I thought this would be more to your liking."

Will pressed himself closer to Hannibal's side. His heart began to flutter, a songbird trapped between his lungs. "You did all of this for me?"

"I made certain rearrangements when I knew you would be attending," Hannibal said, curling his arm around Will's waist, pulling him in until their hips knocked together. "And I've prepared something special just for you to wrap your lips around."

Will drew a sharp breath in through his nose and hid his smile against Hannibal's shoulder.

"I'm talking about the food, of course." Hannibal's eyes glowed, playfully alight. He gave Will's hip a gentle squeeze before pulling away. "Would you care for a drink?"

Will followed Hannibal into the bustling room, bumping shoulders with several guests as Hannibal plucked up two glasses of champagne. He recognized a few faces from the benefit the previous weekend, but save for Hannibal he stood awash in a sea of utter strangers. He gripped Hannibal's forearm as he tipped the flute back and downed the champagne in one long swig.

Before Will could open his mouth to ask for another, a thin woman with a severe black bob was descending upon them. "Hannibal!" she called out, hands gripping her bony hips. "You absolutely must introduce me to this gorgeous young man!"

Hannibal bowed his head in greeting. "How are you this evening, Mrs. Komeda?"

“Well I’ll be much better once I meet this mysterious darling.” She turned from Hannibal and offered Will her hand. “Eleanor Komeda, and you are?”

Will snapped his head up to meet Hannibal’s easy gaze, absorbing his calm as he turned back to the woman and her insistent smile. “Will Graham,” he said, awkwardly gripping the tips of her fingers in a pseudo-shake. It was only when she pulled away that it dawned on him she had been seeking a kiss.

“You look positively frightened, Will. What has Dr. Lecter done to you?”

“I assure you,” Hannibal said, wrapping an arm snuggly around Will’s shoulders, “I would never dream of doing anything to frighten our guest of honor this evening.”

“Guest of honor!” Mrs. Komeda beamed, her voice ringing as she clasped her hands together in delight. “You certainly must be someone special, Mr. Graham.”

“He is.” Hannibal’s voice dropped, rumbling and low, barely perceptible above the roar of the room around them. Will’s skin prickled with heat.

“I absolutely must know everything about you.” Her gaze darted between the two of them. Will could see her mind working to click all the pieces into place. Her smile noticeably fell. “How ever did the two of you meet?”

Hannibal put up a hand in polite protest. “Perhaps another time. I do hope you and your husband are enjoying the party.”

“Oh, Hannibal, it’s wonderful! It’s been far too long.”

Hannibal kissed her hand and she spun on her heels to slink back into the crowd.

Will sighed in easy relief. “She was… interesting.”

Hannibal huffed out a laugh and reached for more champagne. “Mrs. Komeda means well, but she can be a bit overbearing. And quite judgmental in some respects.”

“I suspect the same can be said for most of the people in this room.” Will took the offered flute from Hannibal’s hand and sipped it more leisurely than the first. He eyed passing trays of food but found he wasn’t very hungry at all.

“Come, let us sit for a moment,” Hannibal said, pulling Will behind him to the sofa.

Will nestled down into the corner of the sofa, the same spot he chose that first night he allowed Hannibal to take him. He bloomed with heat as Hannibal set down his glass and crowded down into him, popping the button on his jacket with hunger in his eyes. Hannibal dragged his fingers across the curve of Will’s jaw. Will chased after his lips, but Hannibal drew back before Will could capture a taste.

Will sighed. “Do you think anyone in this room realizes how old I am?”

“Some may suspect, although they would never let on to your face.” Hannibal trailed a hand down the line of Will’s thigh. “You’re worried about what they think.”

“So are you.”

Before Hannibal could answer, someone caught his eye across the room. He stood, face softening in a smile. Will whipped his head around in time to see a beautiful brunette in a sapphire dress making her approach. Will rose and stood at Hannibal's side.

"Hannibal, so good to see you." The woman's whole face lit up in a smile. "Thank you for such a lovely evening."

"All the lovelier now that you're here." Hannibal's easy charm was a thing to behold, something magnetic and bright. "Will," he said, his hand on the woman's shoulder, "this is Dr. Alana Bloom. Alana, this is Will Graham."

Her slender hand darted out and Will took it in his own. "Hello, Will," she said.

Will was so caught up in trying to maintain the appropriate amount of eye contact, he nearly forgot to let go of her hand. "It's nice to meet you, Alana," Will spit out, pulling back and gulping down a mouthful of champagne.

"If you two will excuse me, I won't be a moment," Hannibal said, and Will felt his stomach lurch and drop. He squeezed Will's elbow and flashed him a smile before pulling away.

"So, Will," Alana said, settling down on the sofa,, "how do you and Hannibal know each other?"

He took my virginity, Will thought as he sat down next to her. He bit the inside of his lip to keep the words from coming out. He could just make out the back of Hannibal's head in the far corner of the room if he craned his neck.

"We met at a social gathering," Will said, eyes more focused on Hannibal than Alana.

"So not a colleague then? I don't believe we've met."

Will didn't believe for a moment anyone would mistake him for Hannibal's colleague, but he appreciated the sentiment. "No," he said, meeting her eyes briefly, then downing the last dregs of his champagne.

They sat in awkward silence until a server passed by with a tray of drinks. Will grabbed two flutes and handed one to Alana.

"So what do you do, Will?" she asked.

Finishing off his third glass, the strain in Will's muscles began to relax. *I fuck men old enough to be my father that I meet at charity benefits*, he thought, this time suppressing a laugh. His head felt bubbly and light. He tingled right down to his toes, the plug inside him a constant, pleasant ache.

Will settled on telling her, "I go to school and I fix boat motors."

"A student. Is Dr. Lecter mentoring you?" She had kind eyes that Will didn't entirely shy away from meeting in his fuzzy-headed state.

Will stood and reached for a fourth glass. "You could say that," he said, eyes scanning the room. Hannibal was nowhere to be seen.

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The kitchen swarmed with Hannibal's hired help, sous chefs and servers weaving back and forth in a practiced dance, balancing trays and pulling artfully prepared foods from the ovens and the fridge. A woman in a white chefs coat and hat marched over to Hannibal, her shoes a pleasant click against the tile floor.

She passed him a shining silver tray, edges gilt in gold and etched with the Lecter family crest. On top sat a single steaming skewer, threaded with the heart of a deadbeat father and dotted with brightly colored bell peppers. He nodded his thanks and took the tray onto his arm, whisking it out of the room.

Hannibal smiled contentedly as he glided down the hall, every cog clicking perfectly into place. Will had done so very well, waiting a mere half hour for the car Hannibal never sent to begin with before driving himself, all too eager to stand by Hannibal's side. He bristled with delight, knowing that eagerness would extend to every gift Hannibal still had to offer him that night.

Through the parted crowd Hannibal spotted them in an instant, sitting just a bit too close, laughing just a bit too loud, touching far too much for strangers than had only met moments earlier. Will's hands flailed wildly as he spoke, cheeks dappled a tender shade of pink. Hannibal's smile fell to a tight line against his face.

Something dark rattled against Hannibal's ribs, snarling in blackened spaces etched between sinew and bone. Alana leaned into Will and placed her hand against his shoulder as she spoke, eyes glinting with something coy and overly familiar. Hannibal did well to keep his heart steady and the tray perfectly balanced as he approached, but he couldn't help his mind from seeing her delicate neck cleanly snapping in two.

"Hannibal," Alana gasped out through her laughter, joyful tears glistening in her eyes, "where did you find this one? I'd swear he was a comedian if I didn't know any better."

Hannibal pulled his lip down, halting it mid-twitch. "I haven't been gone twenty minutes. How much have you had to drink in my absence?"

Will shrugged, lips shining pink as he threw up his hands. "Dunno," was his response, a little giggle slipping up from his throat.

Hannibal reflected on the beauty of instinct, unconscious responses lodged deep in the leftovers of our basic reptile brains, as Alana caught the scent of danger in the air. Even as Hannibal's outward demeanor remained open and warm, he knew she felt it at once, an icy dagger dragging down her nape. She excused herself with a gentle smile, nearly tripping over her own feet as she stood.

"You know Will, I think it's quite a shame that bruises fade," Hannibal perched on the sofa next to Will, eying the pale yellow splotches on his neck. "Memories in the flesh, projected out for all the world to see."

Will gave him a curious look and leaned forward, eyes falling down to the skewered heart, still steaming atop the tray. "I thought you had servers to do that sort of thing."

"This, my darling boy, is a very special treat, just for you."

"What is it?" Will smelled heady and sharp, arousal and intoxication seeping from his every pore.

"Heart," Hannibal said plainly, plucking up the skewer and setting down the tray with a clink. He held the meat up to Will's lips. "Please, taste before you judge."

Will hesitated only a moment before delicately sinking in his teeth and taking a tiny bite. The apprehension melted from his face as he chewed, licking his lips and locking his eyes on Hannibal's as he dove in to taste again. He devoured his feast with rapt delight, crowding against Hannibal a bit more with each fevered taste.

Half the skewer gone, Will was practically straddling Hannibal's thigh. Desire spiked in Hannibal's veins as he dropped the meat down onto the tray. He gripped Will by his lapels, hauling him forward and crashing their lips together in a hungry, snarling kiss.

"Follow me," Hannibal rumbled low, dragging Will quickly to his feet, making a beeline for the restroom just down the hall.

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The door crashed shut behind them and Hannibal lunged, pushing Will against the sink with such force that all the air was pulled from his lungs. Will's erection strained painfully inside his perfectly tailored pants, the hard line of it rutting up against Hannibal's thigh where it was slotted between Will's legs.

"You know," Will breathed out as Hannibal trailed open-mouthed kisses down his neck, "all that champagne helped me realize I shouldn't give a fuck what anyone out there thinks."

Hannibal responded with a growl, reaching inside Will's jacket and tugging his shirt loose from his pants.

"But you care. You care so much, Hannibal." Will's body fell loose and pliant beneath Hannibal's touch, allowing him to rip the jacket from his arms and toss it to the floor. "But not about being judged. You just want to impress them with your pretty things." Will laughed. It quickly turned to a gasp as Hannibal gripped the knot of his tie and pulled, their faces nearly crashing together. "Like Mrs. Komeda," Will puffed the words against Hannibal's lips. "Who would willingly be friends with someone like that?"

Hannibal's grip remained firm as he began working Will's belt loose with his one free hand. Arousal coursed thickly through Will's veins, sending his head spinning more from desire than any amount of champagne.

"Alana's nice. I like her a lot," Will said, uncertain if he were merely being honest or willfully prodding for a reaction. "I think she likes me, too."

Hannibal's hand slithered up to curl around Will's neck. The barest hint of a threat. "Remove the rest of your clothing, please," he said, squeezing just a little before pulling away, taking several steps back.

Will pulled loose his tie and tossed it in Hannibal's direction, seeking to stoke the fire slowly building in his eyes. For each button he popped on his shirt, Hannibal's pants tented out that much more, betraying his relative calm, still and placid in his observing.

Will worked his belt open the rest of the way, fingers fumbling against the buckle. "Why didn't you just take me to your bed?"

Hannibal's lips were unmoving, eyes following the fall of Will's trousers to the floor. They were still bunched around his ankles when Hannibal stepped forward again, trailing one deft finger from Will's sternum down to the waistband of his underwear.

“Aren’t you going to undress?” Will could feel himself sobering a little, the champagne buzz being replaced with something far more intoxicating. He pressed the heel of his hand to his throbbing cock. Hannibal caught his wrist and roughly snatched it away.

“Turn around,” Hannibal said, firm and commanding. “Hands on the sink. Do you understand?”

Will’s whole body tensed and flared with heat as he turned. Bracing himself on the cool porcelain, Hannibal tugged Will’s underwear down in one swift motion, allowing it to pool with his pants against the floor. Hannibal pressed a hand between his shoulders and angled his body forward, causing his ass to jut out and his thighs to spread wide, fighting against the strain of the fabric around his ankles.

If Will craned his neck, he could just barely see Hannibal’s reflection in the mirror above the sink. In the darkness of the room, he disappeared for a moment, and then suddenly he was crowding up against Will’s bare ass from behind, still clothed from head-to-toe.

“Do I have your consent to do with you as I please, Will?”

Will gripped the edges of the basin beneath his palms, the rush of blood near deafening in his ears. “What did you have in mind?”

“Do you trust me?”

Less than a week. They had known each other for less than a week. “Yes,” Will said, the absurd truth spilling from his lips without hesitation.

“Would you like to pick a word to let me know if it becomes too much for you?”

Too much for you. Pre-come leaked from Will’s aching cock. “You’re talking about a safe word.”

“I am.” Hannibal’s hand was like fire licking down Will’s spine. “I recommend choosing a word you wouldn’t ever think to say during a sexual encounter.”

Will’s head fell down, chin knocking against his chest. He pulled in one shuddering breath after the next, finally meeting Hannibal’s gaze in the mirror. “Father,” he said, and the blaze roared behind Hannibal’s eyes.

Will dropped his eyes down to his hands, his knuckles white and fingers beginning to ache. Behind him, the rustle of fabric was the only sound, and suddenly the world grew entirely dark. A silky glide against his skin, a knot being tightened against the back of his head. His own tie blinding him to whatever Hannibal had in store.

Will’s labored breathing filled the room. Hannibal loomed just behind him with the stillness of a big cat ready to pounce. Will held on even tighter still, fingers slipping against the porcelain.

Will gasped at the sudden rush of air against his bare skin. Hannibal fell to his knees, spreading Will’s cheeks and running his fingers around the rim of the plug.

“I must say, Will, this color suits you.” Hannibal’s hands soothed over the swell of Will’s cheeks. “Remember your word.”

In an instant Hannibal’s touch went from a caress to a smack, coming down hard against the fleshiest part of Will’s ass. The sting registered before the realization hit his brain. The burn was instantaneous,

little yelps spilling from Will's lips. A half dozen firm swats to each cheek later Will felt as if his entire body had been set alight. Pain and pleasure coursed through him in electric waves.

Hannibal pressed his face to the heat budding on Will's over-stimulated flesh. "A perfect match," he said, lips like flames brushing against skin Will knew was brimming cherry-red.

Hannibal stood and nosed along the nape of Will's neck. "There's a mat in the center of the room, I'm going to lead you there and I'd like you to kneel."

Will allowed himself to be led, a firm hand to his shoulder telling him when it was time to drop to his knees. He couldn't bear to speak, his cock an ache so profound it teetered on the edge of agony.

More silken fabric caressed Will's skin, this time at the wrists. He knew instinctively it was Hannibal's scarf. He bound him loose but firm, just enough for Will to feel the last bits of his control slipping deftly into Hannibal's hands.

Will tracked Hannibal's movement by the soft clicks of his shoes. Silence grew as a hand cupped his cheek, and Will leaned into the heat. "So good for me," Hannibal purred. "Would my beautiful boy like a treat?"

Will choked back a sob, overwhelmed and overstimulated despite barely having been touched. He nodded slow beneath Hannibal's hand. Tears pricked against his eyes at the sound of Hannibal undoing his fly and shoving down his pants.

A firm hand cradled the back of Will's head. "Open."

Will's mouth parted in obedience, mouth watering at the first taste of Hannibal's cock dragging across his lips. His hands grasped uselessly at the small of his back, moaning as he suckled at Hannibal's cock head and swallowed down the pre-come leaking from his slit.

Will wanted nothing more than for Hannibal to roughly fuck his mouth, but the thrusting never came. He merely held himself there, just barely breaching Will's lips, groaning shameless and obscene as Will lavished him with his tongue. As Hannibal backed away, Will's mouth chased him with a whine.

"I'd like you face down now, Will. Press your backside as far into the air as you can and spread your thighs."

Blinded and trembling with roaring desire, Will fell forward and pressed his cheek to the softness of the rug, one shoulder bearing the brunt of his weight as his hands remained immobilized against his back. He spread himself as wide as he could manage without the use of his arms or hands, Hannibal helping to position him the rest of the way once he was settled.

Will throbbed with emptiness when Hannibal removed the plug. "Please," he mumbled against the floor.

"What's that?" Hannibal teased, dragging two thick fingers across his open hole.

"Please," Will's words vibrated in the air between them, "*please*, Hannibal. Fill me up."

Hannibal responded by drizzling an ample stream of lubrication down Will's crack, following it with another torturously slow drag of his fingers. When he pressed them just inside Will's rim, swiftly pulling them back out again, Will muffled a cry.

"Don't quiet yourself," Hannibal said. "Let me hear you."

“You want all of them to hear me,” Will choked out. “That’s why we’re not in your bed.”

Hannibal hummed his confirmation. “Perhaps I’ll open the door,” he said, fucking into Will’s slick hole, two-knuckles deep, before once again retreating. “My guests always do appreciate a good show.”

Will squirmed at the idea of refined eyes cast upon his bound form, words whispered and gasped between sips of champagne. He blushed all the way down to his chest at the knowledge that he would let Hannibal spear him open on his cock for all to see, crying out in abandon, entirely possessed.

The strangled sob that slipped from Will's lips as Hannibal sheathed his fingers entirely in his hole filled the room, and Will was certain it reached far beyond the door. Hannibal fucked him open at a fevered pace, very carefully avoiding any contact with his prostate at all.

There was no warning before Hannibal’s fingers slipped free and his cock shoved roughly in. Will went from pleasantly stretched to so full he was certain he would burst. The fabric of Hannibal’s pants, shoved down around his thighs, dug into the Will’s skin as Hannibal began to thrust.

“You know, Will, you’re right,” Hannibal said, gripping the bounds around Will’s wrists and using them to pull Will back onto his cock. “I do love showing off all the precious things that belong to me.”

With every snap of Hannibal’s hips Will felt as if he were being cleaved in two. Desperate moans pulled up from his belly, reverberating off the tiled floor and walls, no doubt spilling right into the ears of so many guests cluttering the hall just outside.

Hannibal draped himself across Will’s back and the swell of his immobilized arms, the smooth velvet of his jacket a warm caress as Hannibal pressed his lips to Will’s ear. “Do you want to know my most precious possession, Will?” he purred, his words punctuated with a snap of his hips. “It’s you, my darling.”

“You haven’t even,” the words punched out of Will alongside desperate little grunts, “known me for a week.”

“You were mine the moment you caught my eye.” Hannibal traced the shell of Will’s ear with his teeth. “And in that moment I, too, belonged to you.”

Hannibal lapped at the skin of Will’s neck as he continued to fuck, his body wrapped around Will’s in a manner that was equal parts possessive and protective. Hannibal’s teeth nipped at him and Will felt nothing but a heady mix of safety and arousal. Hannibal pulled the skin between his lips and began to suck, sending Will’s head spinning as he worked Will’s flesh into an aching bruise.

“Your word, why did you choose it?” Hannibal groaned into his ear after sucking another mark just below the first.

“I don’t know.” Will’s words came out as the tail end of broken moans he barely recognized as coming from himself.

“Yes you do,” Hannibal said, sitting back on his heels and digging his fingers into Will’s hips. He ceased his thrusting entirely, cock left half buried in Will’s ass. “The word doesn’t carry a negative connotation in your world, but it certainly isn’t something you associate with comfort. Definitely not sex.”

Will fucked himself back onto Hannibal's cock and Hannibal groaned, releasing Will's hips and allowing him to have his way. Will rocked back again and again, working up a steady rhythm the best he could manage in such a position. When he angled his hips just so, Hannibal's cock head brushed against his prostate and sparks burst behind his eyes.

"But it's something that you crave." Hannibal's hand rested between Will's shoulder blades. He began to meet Will's thrusts with his own. "Something that you've always craved. The safety and security of a protector. Someone there to keep all others at bay."

"My father," Will swallowed down a cry, "was there for me. He did the best he knew how. I didn't exactly," Hannibal drove in with an especially punishing thrust and Will had to swallow down a growl, "make it easy."

"Oh, Will," Hannibal purred, working to unknot the bounds at Will's wrists just as the ache in his limbs began to border on unbearable. "I may not give you good reason to use that word tonight. Your body has been so very inviting."

Will's arms fell down against his sides. It took him a moment to relax into the freedom enough to move, lifting himself up on his elbows and using the leverage to drive back onto Hannibal's cock with ease. Will's throbbing, neglected erection leaked down onto the rug.

"But there are other words you may use." Hannibal stilled Will's hips, slipping free from his body entirely.

"No," Will whined, utterly empty and abandoned. "Hannibal, please don't stop."

Hannibal pulled at the tie wrapped around Will's eyes, letting it fall down to the floor. "Turn over. I want to see you. I want you to see me."

Every muscle in Will's body sizzled and ached as he positioned himself on his back. Hannibal looked down at him like he were something sacred and divine. Will gazed back at him in awe, his hair a mess, the collar of his shirt rumpled and soaked in sweat. Hannibal stripped his jacket off and tossed it alongside the pile of Will's discarded clothes.

"What do you mean by other words?" Will asked as Hannibal settled in between his legs. Will fumbled with the buttons of Hannibal's shirt, desperately seeking skin.

Hannibal helped to unbutton himself down to his navel, letting the fabric fall down off his shoulders before pressing himself to Will's chest, cradling the back of Will's head with one hand, lining himself up blindly with the other.

"Other things that you may call me. Perhaps a word for who you'd like me to be."

Realization struck Will to the core as Hannibal's cock pushed back in. Will's legs locked around Hannibal's hips like a vice, drawing him in with each rocking thrust. Their bodies slotted together so perfectly it was hard to imagine a time when they weren't so utterly conjoined. It was impossible to imagine a moment when they would ever be pulled apart again.

Hannibal sucked a bruise into the hollow of Will's throat. Will felt himself begin to crumble. "I'm so close," he said, his cock leaking freely between the press of their bodies. "So fucking close, Hannibal."

“Let me hear you say it,” Hannibal whispered against his ear. “Let me hear the words, my beautiful boy.”

“Hannibal,” Will was certain then he would combust, his skin and Hannibal’s melding into one, the heat from their shared pleasure the very essence and root of the flame. “I’m… oh *fuck*.”

“Say it,” Hannibal’s voice was the current pulling at Will’s trembling bones, sweeping inside and washing all but the two of them away. “Tell me what you need me to be.”

Will’s fingers grasped desperately at Hannibal’s shoulders. He bit down hard against his own lip to keep his orgasm at bay. He never wanted the tide of pure bliss to cease pulling at his shore.

“I wish this never had to end,” Will keened, his pleasure so close to grief he felt it leaking from his eyes. “Please, don’t stop. Not even after I come. D-don’t stop.”

A sob crawled up from Hannibal’s throat, so deep it shook Will to his core. “I’m not certain I can last much longer, my love,” his voice sounded so small, yet so all consuming Will could taste it on his tongue. “Please, before it’s over, Will…”

Will dug his heels into Hannibal’s lower back, arching up into the pleasure of his increasingly erratic thrusts. “*Daddy*,” it came out as a wisp on the air, a barely audible gasp pulled up from the recesses of Will’s lungs.

The mere existence of the word on Will’s tongue was all it took to send Hannibal toppling over the edge. His hips faltered as he spilled his release, filling Will up sticky and warm. Will joined him in the descent, falling like flying until he was shooting hot spurts all the way up to his chest, coating Hannibal’s skin as much as his own, the space between their bodies imperceptible.

Hannibal continued to rock into him until his cock grew soft and slipped free. Will mourned the loss as he swam from the mindless bliss back to the reality of the room they shared. The party just outside the door was still in full swing. Will buried his face in Hannibal’s neck at the thought of every person outside hearing their impassioned cries.

“Even with the door closed,” Will huffed against Hannibal’s skin, “I’m pretty sure we gave them a show.”

Hannibal pulled back and traced a line around Will’s neck, the beautiful sting of bruises a melody in the flesh. “And a show you will continue to put on as you step back out into the world.” Hannibal smiled like a man with every secret in the universe nestled in his hands.

They made it to their feet and Will began to dress. Hannibal hiked up his pants and retrieved his jacket from the rumpled mess on the floor. As Will began to button his shirt, Hannibal crowded against him from behind.

“Not all the way,” he said, pulling Will’s fingers back. He snatched the tie from Will’s hand. “It suits you far better this way.”

Will’s shirt collar hung loose and open at the throat, Hannibal’s marks blossoming purple and bright. They were the same shade as the tie he once wore around his neck. He smiled and fell back into Hannibal’s embrace, his hooded gaze raking over their joined reflection.

Perhaps it was the shadows that swam around the room, or just the hazy afterglow of bliss, but after a long moment their reflections began to meld. Two bodies into one. One figure swirling in the inky

dark.

Chapter End Notes

And that's all she wrote for part 2! Thank you to everyone who has read, left kudos and comments, reblogged on tumblr, sent very kind messages, or otherwise encouraged me to keep writing this along the way. I love and appreciate you all more than you will ever know.

There will definitely be a part 3 to come, and in the meantime please feel free to visit me over on tumblr for updates, or even just to come say hi!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!